**Number 80, Commencement of our FOURTH Volume**

Will contain an original Letter from **ARTEMUS WARD,** written expressly for VANITY FAIR, relating to

**The War Fever in Baldinsville.**

VOL. 3. NO. 79.

# VANITY FAIR.

Saturday,

JUNE 29,

1861.

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*From the late ,Hon. Horace Mann.*

July 29, 1850.

For many years, in all my writing, speaking, and teaching, I have endeavored to conform to the orthography and pronunciation as contained in Worcester's Dictionaries. I suppose them to represent the highest standard recognised by the best writers and speakers in England and in this country.

*From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.*

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of gr at importance, in our days, when the nomenclatur of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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With this number VANITY FAIR completes its Third Volume. The great success of this periodical has demonstrated the fact that a first-class

HUMOROUS ORIGINAL PAPER

can be sustained in this country.

The first number of the Fourth Volume will appear July 6th, and will contain an original letter from ARTEMUS WARD, relating to

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

VANITY FAIR is the only paper in which the letters of ARTEMUS WARD will appear, being written expressly for it, and every letter will be appropriately illustrated by HENRY L. STEPHENS, whose extraordinary talent for caricature has stamped him as the

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A varied and extensive corps of contributors, comprising many of the LEADING NAMES in the literature of this country, together with the TALENTED ARTISTS that have hitherto graced our pages, will still be found in

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while no effort or expense will be spared by the publisher to gather around him all of the available talent in every department that may be found in the whole country.

To the past we point fearlessly as an evidence of what we will do in the future, with increased facilities and the material aid which an appreciative public has given us. It will be the aim of the Publisher to preserve the high tone of the Journal, and while its efforts will be to sustain

OUR NATIONALITY,

it will not be found hesitating about striking at corruption, or shams in high places whenever the public welfare demands it.

Asking for nothing but what is right, and fearing nothing that may be wrong, we shall strive always to be open and just in our censures, while at the same time we shall not hesitate to approve what which is honest and true.

We beg leave to call particular attention to the fact that as

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## DOUGLAS.

VANITY FAIR most cordially seconds the proposition of a Fund for the wife and children of the late STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Heart and soul, body and brain, DOUGLAS was wholly his Country's Own. He had no time to get rich honestly—he scorned, unlike too many politicians in eminent places, to gain wealth foully. He died poor, and the loyal people of America owe it to his memory, that his wife and family shall at once be placed in a position of pecuniary independence.

When the clash of fraternal arms shall only be remembered as a horrid dream: when the Star of Peace shall again serenely shine, People of the North and of the South—enemies no more, but Brothers all—standing over the grave of DOUGLAS, on the shore of that beautiful inland sea, will unite in calling him great and good, and will regret—O how sincerely!—that his noble words of warning, of wisdom and of patriotism had not been better heeded!

### How About This?

Wonder if the "Bitter End" that the Traitors talk about fighting to, has any reference to the "Rope's End?"

### Works for the Army.

The "boys" of the Fire Brigade are very anxious to get hold of "De Foe's Works."

THE HOME DRILL.

"ARMS AT WILL."

## PASSIFLORA AMERICANA.

The *Richmond Enquirer* says the troops in Virginia are "the flower of the South."

Having some taste for Botany, we have consulted our books to find the genus and species of this floral specimen, which is now in bloom, but will go to seed next fall.

We find it to have the following characters. Corolla, *de beau regard*; pistils, large and numerous; very black stigma; stamina not remarkable, leaves, with the odor of Nicotiana, and highly verdant; stem, slender; root, bitter and poisonous.

To name this plant puzzles us, although we have grown Gray in the study of such subjects, and have asked both DARLINGTON and PLEASONTON.

A raw recruit near us mars our contemplation, now and then, with such unscientific suggestions as,—that the flower of the South must, from its manner of sustenance, belong to the natural order of *Carry-off-all-aceæ*. Another (as we write in the intervals of drilling,) suggests that on account of the blockade, it should be *Port-you-lack-aceæ*.

Now, these are very bad; but we favor the former, because the flower of the South is like the cloves (caryophyllus) in one thing, that it will require a great deal of hot water to bring out its virtues.

We pass by in silent contempt, such ideas as that unveracity gives a reason for putting it among the *Lie-naceæ*, or that a day at Philippi, when it faded before Uncle SAM, may be typified by the name *Ran-uncle-aceæ*. Such thoughts are highly unbecoming to the truly scientific mind; and so is, also, the proposition that it might be called *Taxus*, in view of the imposts (not composts) its cultivators require; that name being applied to the Yew (I O U), an evergreen rather appropriate to burying grounds.

Can it be, then, the Carolina Pink-Root, of vermifugitive reputation? Or, as a botanical friend of ours, somewhat hurt at Acquia Creek, thinks it is the Squirting Cucumber.

On the whole, we reserve our opinion; but seriously incline to believe it to be a variety of the *Passion-Flower*; the poisonous quality of whose root prevents it from being as useful as it is ornamental; but which, when carefully trained, and restricted to the climate to which it belongs, may be admired safely, especially at a distance.

### Ethnological Con.

From what race are the F. F. Vs. descended?
From the Slave-Own-ians!

### Just the Fellow for a Picket.

The nigger in the fence.

## THE WAIL OF THE SEVENTH.

AIR.—*Robinson Crusoe.*

O why did I come to Camp Cameron,
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
To sleep on the grass
And catch cold like an ass,
And that's why I came to Camp Cameron.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
To drill and get drunk
And be fed on salt junk,
And that's why I came to Camp Cameron.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
To be put in the sun
Through a double quick run,
And that's why I came to Camp Cameron.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
To be put upon guard
In the Colonel's back yard,
And that's why I came to Camp Cameron.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
I thought 'twas to fight
But I didn't get sight,
Of a single secesh at Camp Cameron.

And when I go back to Camp Cameron,
O if I go back back to Camp Cameron,
You may call me a flat
And I'll give you my hat,
If you find me again at Camp Cameron.

But though we won't go to Camp Cameron,
O! if we won't go to Camp Cameron,
Just say the word fight
And we're with you to-night,
Every one of the men at Camp Cameron.

### Wanted: an "H."

The London cockneys must be a very unsuccessful class, if we judge by the total failure of their Aspirations!

HARDEE MADE EA[SY]

SOLDIER, in biting off the end of his cartridge, must take care that he does not swallow the bullet. A Bullet in is a pretty tough article to digest, now-a-days.

Putting on a fresh cap is a process in which the recruit can be better instructed by the *vivandière* than by any drill sergeant—especially if the *vivandière* wears caps.

When you are a pivot, you must forget that you are a man. Although the ranks do not dress upon the pivot, yet the instructor may order them to keep Close upon him—in which case the pivot may be looked on as a peg.

Before attempting to Re-form a company, the instructor will take steps to ascertain whether any members of it have been recruited from an inebriate asylum.

In cartridge practice, it is often difficult to ascertain whether the piece has been discharged, or not. The recruit will be quite certain on this point when he has rammed in, consecutively, a number of cartridges equal in length to the barrel of his musket; after which it may be as well for him not to put in another.

Remember that "Composure, or presence of mind, in him who commands, and in those who obey, being the first means of order in a body of troops, the instructor will labor to habituate the company to this essential quality, and will himself give the example." Some instructors effect this by sitting upon a barrel of powder in the intervals of drill, and inviting the ranks, generally, to ignite their pipes at his cigar.

When the artist of an illustrated paper comes along, the instructor should wheel his men into Columns; which will have a journalistic look and be a neat compliment to the press.

The recruit should remember that this epitome of HARDEE'S tactics is indispensable to his success in war, love, and most other pursuits. It is to be had for the small consideration of sixpence, together with the rest of VANITY FAIR.

### A Good, sociable Idea.

An advertiser in the *Herald* puts forward the following bold cartel, which is worthy of the notice of all who wish to come out of their difficulties with clean hands:

"I challenge any man in the world to wash with me in public for $100.000, and I make no exceptions."

Although we cherish a prejudice in favor of privacy for the performance of our own ablutions, we cannot withhold our cordial greeting from the bold challenger who would thus provoke the Great Unwashed to do the clean thing for once in their lives. How do you do, sir? How are you off for soap? We trust that Mr. Street-sweeper HACKLEY may be induced to go into a very general wash with you; and that, so soon as he gets the $40,000 dirt off his hands in that rival performance, he will induce you to turn all your spare suds on to the kennels of the eastern and western districts of this unclean city, so as to purge them from their present encumbrance of putrescent filth, and avert impending pestilence.

### Difference between Army Cannons and Church Canons.

Merely a difference of Bore.

### THE TWO ARMIES.

I.

Two armies toiling day and night
By bridge and barricade—
Or by the hearthstone—full of might,
Each working for the truth and right,
And neither one afraid.

II.

*Two armies:*—one of noble men,
All strong, and stern and brave;
Forward at duty's call—and then,
It matters not the how or when,
To glory—or the grave.

III.

Their country's glory is their own,
Their common grave—her shame;
Their watchword UNION, that alone,
Though on the field their hosts be strown,
Shall lead them yet to fame.

IV.

*Two armies:*—but the second one—
A fairer, sadder sight;
With steadfast purpose, all as one,
With sickening labor, never done,—
Toils tearless for the fight.

V.

Daughters of men! we know ye now,
For what ye ever were;
Angels with calm unclouded brow,
Before whom every man should bow
In penitence of prayer.

VI.

Though death should come, and come full soon,
We fear him nevermore;
We ask of heaven one only boon,
And pray beneath the placid moon,
Who never prayed before.

VII.

*"Oh, Lord! within the coming strife*
*Sad war of kindred blood,*
*Grant strength to every soldier's wife,*
*Teach her to live without his life,*
*And so reward the good."*

VIII.

By ever tear-damped thread she draws,
By every needle's gleam,
She links her heart's blood to the cause,
She binds her soul to arm our laws,—
Wounded but to redeem.

IX.

Oh! soldier in your camp by night,
Bethink you of her toil,
How you are linked, though dead in fight,
By golden soul-rays glimmering bright
In sorrow and turmoil.

X.

Linked to a nobler soul on earth,
By these weak bands of thread:—
'Twas woman's love that gave you birth,
Her love shall bind, come grief, come mirth,
The living to the dead.

### Con: By a Soldier on Diet.

Why are Rebels leaders like men who have died of a surfeit?
Because they ove(r)ate themselves fatally.

### A Good Result of the Times.

A politician is occasionally "knocked into a cocked hat."

### What the People say about Gen. Lyon.

Bravo LYON!

You're the man for our money. You know how to fix the rebels, you do. You are not—thank Heaven!—a PIERCE or a SCHENCK. The traitors can't come their "masked battery" dodge over *you*. You understand strategy and know a little about war. By a feigned retreat you draw the rebels from behind their masked battery, and then, rallying suddenly, pepper them so unmercifully that they throw down their arms and run, and their major-general, attacked with diarrhœa, is carried off the field in a state of coma.

Some part of your success, LYON, now we think of it, may be owing to the fact that you have had a military education, and that while our militia generals, PIERCE, SCHENCK, *et id genus omne*, were poring over COKE and BLACKSTONE, you were studying JOMINI and posting yourself in the science of flank movements "and sich."

You have proved yourself in this Booneville affair, LYON, a brave general and, what is better, a clever one. It is good to know that in our regular army there are more men like you. It annoys us though, when we see incompetent civilians put over their heads.

So say the People and so saith VANITY FAIR.

### The Circle of Civilization.

The order has been promulgated at Washington that no hoops are to be allowed in the nurses' department. Herein the difference between civilization and barbarism is exemplified. The secessionists have enlisted Indians in their service. But no war-whoops will be tolerated within our lines. For our lines are pleasantness, and all our paths are of a piece.

### ART ITEMS.

1*st Genial.*—BY THE BYE! SPEAKING OF ART AND ARTISTS—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUNG BROWN?

2*nd Genial* (with professional phraseology).—OH! SO, SO—GOOD COLOR—BROAD STYLE—BUT—BAD CHARACTER, SIR—BAD CHARACTER.

ALICE, who is more an admirer of aforesaid BROWN than of High Art, is somewhat astonished at this sweeping assertion.

## THE LUXURY OF GIVING.

### LAY IT ON LIGHTLY.

Many of our citizens and citizenesses have come generously forward with donations of useful articles to our soldiers. They deserve our warmest praise. And have it! But others, with equal ardor for giving of gifts, have not exercised a corresponding amount of judgment in the quality or quantity of their charities. To these—chiefly composed of motherly persons with a strong tendency to medicinal teas, "cookies," peppermints, tracts, and other domestic and devotional aliments—we would respectively offer a few hints. A soldier is not, properly speaking, a rheumatic or bilious maiden of advanced age. Nor an infant afflicted with flatulency. Least of all is he a peripatetic pantry, "yarb"-closet and camphor-chest combined. Don't continue to offer him bundles of boneset, peppermint, and fennel. Press not upon him unlimited flannels! Urge him not to put loaf cakes and elderberry wine in his knapsack! Plead not that he carry a complete series of evangelical exhortations to sinners, in pamphlet form, to the camp fire and the battle-field! Have mercy upon his physical capacity to do, bear, and suffer! He is but a man! Upon my word, simply a unit of humanity! He cannot, actually, strange though it may appear, carry even a moderate sized private dwelling furnished with the ordinary comforts of domestic life upon his shoulders. His tent is, really, ladies, merely one story high. And has not even a cellar. I speak of these things "as one having experience." A week ago, I expected to receive marching orders. My knapsack was packed as tightly as the old maids at a "protracted meeting." About three hours before the anticipated time of starting, I was visited by many of my female relatives. My Aunt BETSEY brought me twelve yards of old flannel. My Aunt CHARLOTTE insisted on putting two pounds of loaf-cake and a demijohn of currant wine into my "trunks." My spinster cousin SARAH left on my table two neatly tied up packages of Methodist tracts and a hymn-book. Besides these, other kinswomen contributed, a complete herb-chest, two dozen phials of homœpathic medicines, three large pincushions, a box of raisins, five pounds of candles, a case of "JAYNE'S Expectorant," a foot-bath, four pair of worked slippers, and a "hop-pillow." And this was not all. But the list above is a specimen. What could I do? I thanked them all with tears in my eyes, placed their gifts carefully in the back attic, and kissing my pretty cousin JESSIE gratefully (with a slight dash of another feeling thrown in,) as she quietly put *her* gift in my hand, placed it in my bosom, tore myself away—and didn't go that time! But when I do, JESSIE'S will be the only one of all those luxuries I can take with me. Bless her sweet face! It was a tiny purse of her own knitting, with a dear little image of that face, about the size of a half-dollar in one end, and ten as bright "eagles" as ever you saw in the other.

The eagle is a mighty strong bird, ladies, and yet a soldier can carry a pile of them with ease! Do you take the hint? Heavier comforts travel best with the ambulances, but the bird of "freedom" rests lightly in the soldiers bosom! I have said!

THE CORPORAL.

### "Apple-Sass."

It appears that Mr. TENNYSON'S famous "Talking Oak" is rivalled by certain apple-trees in the State of Maine, for a journal published somewhere in that region tells us that:

"Apple trees are in full bloom, but hardly think it will be a good year for fruit."

There is something very touching in the desponding view of the future taken by these poor trees; but it puzzles us to guess how they could have expressed their sentiments to the Maine editor—unless apple trees, like dogs, can communicate their feelings by their Bark.

### Emancipatory.

The South is not exactly the place, one would think, whence any movement in favor of Freedom might be expected, but it is nevertheless true that the Bonds of the Confederacy have fallen!

# OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

## L. S. (d.)

FORT PIANO, June 15th.

DEAR VANITY:—Great confusion prevails here, just now.

A tremendous battle has been fought, I believe.

I led my men in person.

We took a battery of four hundred rifled cannon, and eight thousand prisoners, I guess.

My loss is heavy.

We attacked the enemy in great numbers, at Hymn-book Four Corners, thirteen miles from New Jersey, and retreated in good order.

It is impossible to obtain particulars.

The following order of the day was issued last week.

CAMP MOSES, July 1st.
Head-quarters of the 12th Boot Brigade.

*General Orders*, No. 3,852½, X.

The column will move on the first of May, as usual. Side arms and ball-cartridges. The left will rest on Washington, and the file will form in the direction of CLARK MILLS' bad statue of JACKSON. The column will move upon Fort Piano, at noon, 12 o'clock, M.

*Order of the Day*. No. M D C C L I X V I I J K L M N O P.

From Fort Piano, the column will advance in two arcs and a row-boat, by a deployed movement, upon Hymn-book Four Corners. The enemy will wear a white badge on the right leg, and will use the watchword "Boston," as they run away. Mind you're all ready, now.

McARONE,
Commander-in-Chief of the Foreign Allied American Amalgamation National Patriotic Boot Brigade; Correspondent of VANITY FAIR; Guide, Philosopher and Friend; Knight of the Gin Cocktail; Bully Boy with a Glass Eye; etc., etc., etc.

At half past three in the morning, my army set out for the corners. We expected to find nobody there.

All the guns were silenced except four hundred rifled cannon.

We charged gallantly away from the enemy...

I cried "Charge Boston . . . Boston," and retired to the rear.

A perfect storm of grape, canister, chain-shot, crossbar-shot, gabions, shrapnel, grapnel, pontoons and fuses swept the field where we stood.

The enemy's guns were worked incessantly. Their loss must have been enormous. Thousands died from fatigue.

The few of my men who remained on the field, were shot. The officers all hid behind trees.

My Zouaves were left lying on the ground all night, through a slight error. I ordered them to lay down and load. They did so; but I suddenly remembered another engagement I had left unfulfilled, and went back to the fort to attend to it. As I have before observed, my Zoo-zoos are well disciplined, and they remained as I left them, until my return.

. . . That, however, is a circumstance which I will not refer.

After a steady cannonade from the enemy's dragoons and from my infantry, which lasted upwards of thirty-six hours, during which my men had neither rest, food, sleep, shelter or clothing, I ordered a flank movement, to cut off the rear of the rebel forces. . .

A regiment of Vivandières succeeded in getting around the enemy, and took possession of a small battery situated in front of the main redoubt.

By some fatal error, however, they commenced working the guns against my own men who were trying to assist them from the front. This tended to increase, rather than lessen, the number of my killed and wounded.

The mistake is supposed to have arisen from the fact that one of my officers, a Bostonian, and an admirer of the works of Dr. O. W. HOLMES, shouted "Hub of the Universe!" in charging, instead of simply "Boston!"

A coroner's jury will investigate the matter.

We could not see the enemy at all, from first to last, but I almost know that their loss was enormous. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise?

When I saw that the rebels meant nothing, except to keep possession of the batteries, I ordered a retreat. . .

I am not ignorant of the rules of civilized warfare.

Great blame is attached to JEFF. DAVIS, who is supposed to have commanded the rebel artillery.

. . . If he had not used shotted guns, it is probable that we should have held our ground a good while longer.

On returning to the fort, I swore that I would take possession of the batteries in less than half an hour.

I then ordered my men to bed, and went back to Washington.

ABE met me with tears in his eyes. . .

His grandfather was private in one of my regiments.

"How did it go, MAC?" he asked with great emotion.

"ABRAHAM," I replied, with evidences of a manly grief, "ABRAHAM, I in the midst of life, we are in death! Prepare to hear of a bereavement into your interesting family."

He burst into a passionate fit of sobbing. I thought I would break the news gently.

"Just suppose," I said, "that your grandfather was very ill!"

"Ill?" he asked.

"Yes . . . almost dead, in point of fact. . ."

"Dead?"

"Yes; quite dead, for instance; how would you take it?"

"Take it?"

"Exactly."

"Exactly?"

"Don't be an idiot, ABE," said I, a little sternly. "The poor old gentleman indeed is no more. He tried to stop a fifty-six pound shot, by setting his face against it. Although he failed, it was a brave attempt, and I, for one, give him due credit for his intentions. Sigh no more, ABRAHAM; O, cast that shadow from thy brow! 'All that live must die, passing through nature to eternity!'"

These words, and a recital of the splendid victory I had gained, reassured him. He dried his eyes and nose, and took my hand.

"Once more, noble MAC," said he, "do I owe the preservation of the Union to thee. Kneel down."

I knelt.

He hit me a solid whack on the head with his brass-headed walking-stick.

"Arise, Chevalier McARONE!" said he, "Knight of the Gin Cocktail, and Prince of Poughkeepsie!"

These are the first titles ever conferred by an American President upon any white man. My other titles are all foreign, and I am proud to have some from my own native President.

He has given me Poughkeepsie as my estate. If you happen to visit that town shortly, please do me the favor of taxing all the inhabitants a dollar a head, and send me the money.

Having accomplished my mission in Washington, I hailed an omnibus and returned to Fort Piano, where I now write.

Ambulances are bringing in the victims of the battle at every minute, and a corps of engineers are digging ditches under my window for the reception of the killed and wounded.

My thanks are due to Col. JACK SEARS, for the efficient manner in which his long-shore Shovel-nose Shark Sharpshooters, of the Crab Squadron, ferried me across Little Hymn-book Run.

McARONE.

## A RIGHT PLEASANT OLD SONG.

SLIGHTLY CUT UP TO FIT THE PRESENT CASE.

When good King RIGHTHEART reigned,
And fought against King COTTON,
Three knavish blowers he kicked out of doors
Because their goods were rotten.

The first he was a Butcher;
The second he was a Purveyor;
And the third he was a little Tail-or,
And three great rascals they were.

The Butcher was hung on his hook;
The Purveyor choked with his victual;
And the Devil impaled the little Tail-or,
With his bad cloth, on a whittle.

### A Short "Loaf."

Captain BAKER, the pirate commander of the privateer "Savannah," seems to have had quite a select library on board his craft. But he didn't have WALT WHITMAN'S "Leaves of Grass," although from the nature (and result) of his cruise, it would appear he intended to "loaf" (on the high seas) "and invite his soul" (to a speedy flight —— wards). It has, however, turned out a very unprofitable Loaf to this Baker we opine. Hardly "half a loaf," in fact.

### To double Business bound.

VANITY FAIR was lately so indiscreet as to allude to West Pointers as the Dogs of War. A contributor—a Fiend in Human Form, by the way—suggests that they seem destined to prove the Retrievers of our military reputation.

### Epigram by a reader of the N. Y. Daily News.

ABEL was slain by his brother;
Will not man ever grow good?
ABE L's men are slaying each other,
And a BELL gets awfully slewed.

### Small by "Degrees."

W. H. RUSSELL, M. A. L. L. D., etc., etc.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

*Shining Member of "Billy Wilson's Zouaves."*—I ALLERS SHOOTS THE OSSIFERS, JIMMY.
*Jimmy.*—WHY?
*Shining Member.*—COS, THE PRIVATES A'INT GOT NO GOLD WATCHES!

### THE GREAT DAVIS DINNER ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By mysterious and miraculous means, we have succeeded in getting possession of a great curiosity, which we hasten to submit to the inspection of our readers. It is a bill of fare of that celebrated dinner that JEFF. DAVIS intends to eat in the White House on the Fourth of July. It was prepared by a gastrosophic committee of the Confederate Cabinet, as a purely national and allegorical affair, and our readers will admire the expressive character of the dishes:

BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS.

Soup Erstition. Soup Erranuation.
Soup Erfluous. Soup Conné.

BOILED.

Flat Fish, Well Done. Pot-boils.
Boiled Owls with Corn Whiskey.

ROAST.

Ruled Roast. Basted Popinjays.
Cock o' the Walk, Dished. Peanuts.

ENTREMETS.

Small Broils. Other Fish to Fry.
Indian Bonds *à la Financière.*
Southern Game in a Stew.
Hash ("*Ne touchez pas à la Hache.*")
Frittered Thyme.

DESSERT.

Whipped Cream (of the Southern Chivalry).
Yankee Sauce. Buttered Thunder.
Honeyed Promises. A Little More Grape.
Bri-berries.

### Another Joke Gone to Waist.

"How is it," asked PODGERS, "that the women of the so-called 'upper classes' are always more delicately formed and slender than others?"

"Well, when a woman is poor," replied X.," she pays no attention to appearances; but when she gets rich, she generally wears silks and Laces."

### Con: by a Butler.

Why will Charleston be beloved of epicures in a few years?
Because it will be a fine old Cobwebbed Port.

### LET US ALONE!

The world has never known
A fouler lie—our boasted Bayards lied—
For war was in their hearts and yet they cried
For peace—"Let us alone!"

For peace! young men had grown
Gray-haired in treason; gray-haired traitors died,
Since traitors planned this war; and yet they cried
For peace—"Let us alone!"

For peace!—they meant to steal
And, when detected, stab. Forsworn they prate
Of "honor:" *that* lies buried with their great,
Whose sons no shame can feel.

We *did* mean peace: sincere
And self-sacrificing for our country's good,
We offered all that—more than honor should;
But—fools!—they thought it fear.

And, with defiant air,
Threw off the mask. We—friends drew closer; foe
Was friend, and feud forgotten—"Is it so?"
We whispered,—"Will they dare?"

They dared; a deed was done
Which left no choice: should Hell before us yawn,
No matter now: our march must be right on—
We must be nought or ONE.

We do mean war—not hate;
But all that heart, and brain, and arm can do,
To drive out traitors and defend the true,
Or perish with the State.

### A Joke on a Pinch.

"How small her waist is!" exclaimed PODGERS, as he gazed after the retreating form of ANGELINA.

"Small!" echoed X.; "of Corsets small!"

### Casting the Die.

"Lieut. FORDYCE, late of the U. S. Army, has joined the Confederate Army."—*Herald.*

And a very bad throw it was for Four Dice.

### Retained for the Defence.

Judge EDMONDS' Home Guard.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

*Bill.*—WELL, CHARLEY, I'M PROUD OF YOU. SO YOU'VE PROMISED TO FURNISH THE MATERIALS FOR UNIFORMING A WHOLE COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS! WELL DONE.

*Charley.*—YA'AS, 'TIS PRETTY TALL! BUT AFTER ALL, IT ONLY TAKES AS MUCH AS IT DOES TO MAKE ME THREE PAIRS OF PANTS. ISN'T MUCH, AFTER ALL.

## DREADFUL TO THINK OF!

Whoso sayeth the Briton is not an insolent being, let him read the following ¶ which appears in the last number of the London *Illustrated News*:

"Mr. W. H. RUSSELL is said to be disgusted at the continual shilly-shallying and defiance by telegram of the Americans, and, if they don't speedily have an Alma at Baltimore, or an Inkerman at Washington, is said *to be determined to leave them to their fate*, and to have their deeds recorded by the local inditers of 'screamers' and 'sensation' paragraphs."

Deary me! deary me! Just think of its having entered the mind of so distinguished a personage as W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., Barrister at Law and L. L. D., to leave us to our fate! What would become of us in case of so crushing an event? Could we exist, think you, when denied the pleasing letters of the *Times* "Special?" Would life be endurable when its rugged pathways were no longer smoothed by the hilarious blunders, the mirth-inspiring misstatements of those epistles? Of course it wouldn't. We entreat Mr. RUSSELL, therefore, to abide with us for a time. And as he won't stay without a battle we suggest to him to write to Gen. SCOTT, signifying his desire. It will be at once complied with.

### The Double Dearth; an Epigram.

Our Southern neighbors roundly swear,
They'll have "no Yankee-teachers" there;
Now, by the rood:—if that's the case,
God help the helpless Southern race!
With Western harvests all shut out,
And Northern teachers put to rout,
How the poor fools will starve and stammer
In double dearth—of grub and grammar!

### Advice to Brigadier Generals.

When you don't know what to do, don't you do you don't know what!

## SPECIAL CAMP CORRESPONDENCE OF V. F.

ORDERED OFF—SINGULAR (OR PLURAL) WEATHER—NEW DRILL—FALSE ALARMS—CHEERFUL RECRUITING—HEROIC CAPTURE OF SECRETED ARMS—AND NOTHING ELSE IN GENERAL, OF THE MOST VIVID INTEREST.

CAMP NEBUCHADNEZZAR, near Germantown, June 10, 1861.

DEAR V. F.—We are still here! A portion of our force, however, was yesterday somewhat unexpectedly "ordered off"—a neighbor's strawberry patch. I am happy to say, the order was obeyed with alacrity. Since we went into camp there has been no "chief cause of complaint." Except myself. I will, in fact, allow no other *chief* of any kind. We have had a great deal of weather, it is true. But being told that such is often the case, we have suffered and been strong, unmurmuringly. In my moments of leisure I have invented a new *drill* in which I intend perfecting my command. I think, without vanity, it will *perforate* Secession completely. From the ease with which my command bore the first trial, I augur the greatest success. In short, it works "to a turn." I have also introduced a system of false alarms, to discipline my men. It is essentially different from anything yet tried. For instance: Last night about eleven o'clock I suddenly *yawned* to a fearful width, and followed it up by an improvised descent on the pillow. In fifteen minutes the entire command turned *in* and were under *covers*. The facility with which I *recruit* men here, is marvellous. Not a day passes without more desiring to be *recruited* than I can possibly accommodate. Day before yesterday I *recruited* three—with cold victuals. Yesterday, two (particular friends), with juleps and a cold chicken lunch. To-day I was only able to *recruit one mower*—with whiskey and water. But I am sorry to say this last one seems to reject the step he has taken, for I perceive he *scythe* still.

I must abruptly break off for a while here, as I am informed that arms have been discovered secreted in a barn not far off, and shall proceed instantly to seize them. More when I return.

. . . . Victory! Triumph! Hurrah! We have met the enemy and they are ours! Veni! vidi! vici! "or words to that effect!" Our expedition has been crowned with success. After a forced march through a country swarming with "pickets," palings, iron fences "and sich," we arrived at the scene: i. e. the barn. Having stationed myself cautiously *en vidette* at a proper distance, I boldly ordered my command to enter the building and begin the search. They obeyed without hesitation, like a gallant soldier as he was. In a few moments the arms were discovered protruding from a pile of hay. They were dragged forth, and proved to be *two* of the original pattern used by ADAM, and belonging to their owner, who appeared immediately after them, if not sooner. Upon being somewhat roughly interrogated, he acknowledged having secreted them there the night previous. Indeed he could not deny it, the *arms* being actually found at his side, with their heavier ends fastened for greater security no doubt, to his shoulders. I lost no time in telegraphing this important capture to the nearest commanding office, who proved to be Judge CADBOGGLER of the Marine (court) service. He instantly sent me word to *retain* the arms and their owner for a few weeks, until he had read and digested such ancient and modern histories, newspapers, novels, and almanacs, as furnished or did furnish a precedent, when he should be ready to give his opinion on any general subject of no interest to the case. I therefore gave the prisoner a "special retainer," and he is no doubt well cared for at the nearest lager-bier saloon. May I not be permitted to feel proud of this exploit, accomplished without the effusion of blood? If not, what is glory but a name? "Or words to that effect." When you next hear from me, if our camp is not moved, we shall still remain where we are. If otherwise, not. In which case we shall be elsewhere, in all probability. But this is mere speculation. Who can span the future?

Yours mistily,

MAJOR VON PUCK. G. R. C.

### Military Insubordination at Washington.

When an Officer receives an order to reconnoitre he invariably *scouts it.*

### The Rose that all are Praising at this Season.

Rows of corn, beans, potatoes, cabbages, etc., in the country.

## IT MAY COME TO THIS.

"If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content."

*Southern people to W. H. Russell, of the London Times.*

MRS. RUSSELL APPROVES THE SENTIMENT, AND PRESENTS THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY WITH A CHARMING LITTLE PRINCE.

## "THE STARS AND BARS."

Having understood that the Southern Confederated States of America were suffering for want of a patriotic song—a national anthem—to the stirring tones of which their chivalry might march gallantly on, to victory, or death, or both, we have set ourself to work to produce such a composition.

This we do in pure charity and benevolence, without hope of reward or emolument from the new Republic of Fools. Republics are inevitably ungrateful.

The only national song that has attained any great popularity in the Federal, or United States, is the "Star-spangled Banner"—a song all about our flag. Very well: why not have a song about the Confederate flag? Sure enough—but then, their flag is only a modification of ours—a sort of bunting parody, as it were. Just the thing! They shall have a sort of fustian parody of our flag-song, to be in keeping; and its flowing numbers shall be chaunted far and near, wherever cotton is grown, corn-whiskey guzzled, and niggers licked.

Gentlemen of the Southern Confederated States, here is your national anthem:

THE STARS AND BARS.

I.

O say, can you see—though perhaps you're too tight—
What so feebly we hailed at the twilight's last beaming—
Whose broad bars and few stars o'er our scurrilous flight
From the rumshops we filched, were so gaudily streaming?
When the rockets' red glare, and bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof that, though we ran, our rag remained there!
O, say, does that Bar-Strangled Banner still wave
O'er the land of the thief and the home of the slave?
[*Repeat for Chorus.*]

II.

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's honest host in its glory reposes,
What is that which the breeze—while we fearfully creep
To escape deserved blows—half-conceals, half-discloses?
Now it sullies the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In dishonor reflected now taints the pure stream—
'Tis the Bar-Strangled Banner, that foully doth wave
O'er the land of the thief and the home of the slave!

III.

And where is that band who so truthfully swore
That the might of the law, and a stern retribution,
A hold for rebellion should leave us no more?
Their guns have ploughed up our footsteps' pollution!
Their protection we crave, both rebel and slave—
None other we hope for except in the grave,
And our Bar-Strangled Banner no longer shall wave
O'er the land of the thief and the home of the slave!

IV.

O, thus is it ever, when traitors may stand
Against a loved land and its administration;
In rout and destruction, our treacherous band
See the error we have made in arousing a nation;
Be conquered we must, for our cause is unjust—
They look but to God, while in Mammon we trust;
And their—not our—Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er South as o'er North, o'er the free as the slave!

## "Life on the Ocean Wave!"

In view of the numerous Autolycusses, and other miscreants whose characterization dwells in the last two syllables of that Shakesperian name, and who are now at large upon the high seas, it has been proposed that a regular Ocean Police should be established for the protection of wayfarers on the briny Broadway of the deep. The suggestion strikes us as being a very sensible one. A Briny Broadway squad would be very useful, indeed, if it were only to look after the Buoys.

## What the Rebels did at Harper's Ferry.

The pusillanimous ran away, leaving the Boulder at Point of Rocks behind, to be blasted and blown to bits.

## Query, by a P. O. Clerk.

Are Post captains generally Mailed men?

## VIRTUE UNREQUITED.

Among the melancholy things connected with the tumultuous condition of the times, not the least melancholy are the faces of a certain class of the community whose profession is designated by the cabalistic initials P. R., which may stand for Prize Ring, or Professional Rowdy, according to the taste of the reader. It appears that a squad of these men constituted themselves into a regimental staff, and, actuated of course by no other kind of spirit than that of patriotism, went about among the classes with whom they have only too much influence, and succeeded in raising therefrom a regiment which might have been characterized as quite respectable—in numbers. It seems, however, that numerical respectability is not the only kind exacted at military head-quarters; for, on application at Washington, the staff of the Empire City Regiment—that was the sonorous designation of the proposed P. R. levy—was received with the cold-shoulder-hitting intimation that their services were not acceptable to the government. It was the P. R. staff that did the business. The men were good enough stuff for soldiers: so might the officers have been; but, fortunately for the service, something more is considered in the selection of officers than that: and, as the negative qualifications of the shoulder-hitting aspirants were looked upon as positive disqualifications, in the officer and gentlemen sense, their offer of service was very properly declined.

Ever since that righteous decision, dissatisfaction has marred the manly beauty of the professing and gentlemanly pugilists without whom how many a familiar corner along Broadway would look bald and respectable! Jim Gozer—who might have been Captain G.—lounges misanthropically against his favorite spike in the iron railing of his early choice, masticating the tobacco of bitterness. The head of Blozer—he was very nearly Major B., a fortnight ago—appears emerging from the subterrene refreshment place hard by, and a sad dog he looks as he peers from his kennel. Now these men, and their kind, are acting very reprehensibly in thus dimming the brilliant Broadway with their bibulous gloom. If they are thirsting for blood, as they certainly appear to be, let them enlist in the capacity for which their mere fighting instinct fits them—that of the private soldier. A shoulder-bitter ought to stop a bullet as well as any man; and if the bullet should happen to get inside his guard, and stop *him*, why his place could be filled up by another of the fraternity, to the sparing of nicer men, and so on till the P. R. became respectably thin as to its ranks. Then, though the loss of that element to the army might not be very great, the gain to the city community would be nothing short of immense.

## MOVEMENTS OF "THE COMMITTEES OF SAFETY."

We were greatly rejoiced to learn the following news, from the Corpus Christi (Texas) *Ranchero:*

"The Committee of Safety of this county have taken possession of the boats, tents, etc., belonging to the United States Coast Survey, which were left here for safe keeping last summer. They are all in fine order."

We understand that the New York Committee of Safety are also at work. Yesterday, they took possession of eight hundred dollars worth of silks, left in a warehouse down town for safe keeping.

Master Phelim Sweeny, of the Sixth Ward Committee of Safety, took possession of a gentleman's watch and chain, in Manhattan Alley, one dark night last week.

Messrs. Lushy Jake and Swivel-eyed Joe, of the Cherry Street Committee of Safety, took possession of the spoons and forks left in the basement of a house in St. Mark's Place last Thursday for safe keeping. They are all in fine order.

Three gentlemen of the Baxter Street Committee of Safety—Messrs. Antonio Canjemi, Isaac Isaacson, and Swaddy O'Murtheimgin—entered a hotel on the East Side, night before last, to take possession of a repeater, three hundred and fifty dollars in gold, and a set of diamond studs belonging to a lodger, who had left the articles, all in fine order, in his trunk for safe keeping. Having some absurd prejudices, he fired a revolver at the Committee, wounding Mr. Isaacson in the leg, when they were forced to retire. Such acts of coërcion cannot be too strongly condemned. Mr. I. has written us a note, stating that when he and his colleagues had got possession of the articles, all they desired was to be let alone.

## Exchange of Colors.

While General Butler is getting the Blacks, the slaveholders are getting the Blues.

## The Man to "Tap Their Claret"

The Butler, of course.

RUSTIC, BUT LOYAL.

A SKETCH IN CHATHAM STREET.

*Rural Person.*—"HOORAY FOR THEM PANTS! DON'T IT MAKE A CHAP WISH HE HAD HIND LEGS, NOW, SO HE MIGHT WEAR BOTH THEM PANTS TO ONCT!"

### PLUMS FOR THE PROFESSION.

What power seems paramount with the Powers that Be?

The Power of Attorney.

What seem destined to prove themselves general nuisances?

Attorney-Generals.

What rank should be instituted in the army?

Brigadier Barristers.

With what files should the B. B.'s be intrusted?

Any but the rank and file.

In what issues have the A. G.'s proved incompetent?

Joining issue with the Enemy.

In what simple process did an A. G. signally fail?

Opening an action.

What was the cane to which an A. G. proved not suited?

One of Assault and Battery.

What duties should be assigned the B. B.'s in detail?

Cutting off each other's Entails.

### Purge Him!

We are glad to see that the Naval Brigade is likely to be a success, if BARTLETT is a failure. The "sick man" of the South is in a bad way, and just needs a good dose of our Old Salts.

### Sauce for the Goose, &c.

As much of the army clothing is basted together, why should not the army tailors be basted too, just for uniform-ity's sake?

### The Ins and Outs of It.

A good many States have Gone Out. The next news will be that some of them have Gone In.

### REJECTED NATIONAL HYMNS.

By special favor to VANITY FAIR, on the part of the Committee, we are allowed to publish a few of the unsuccessful Hymns offered in competion for the $500 Prize. Those we present to-day will not be included in the volume of selections shortly to be issued, out of delicacy to their well-known authors. We cannot repress our surprise, that each of these poems was not thought worthy of a special premium, of at least $250.

No. I.

A PSALM OF UNION;

OR, WHAT THE HEART OF THE ZOUAVE SAID TO UNCLE SAM.

Tell me not, in doleful numbers,
Union is an empty dream!
SAMUEL is not dead, but slumbers;
Traitors are not what they seem.

War is real! War is earnest!
And defeat is not our goal;
"Mud-sill, thou to mud returnest,"
Is not true, upon the whole.

Small enjoyment, and much sorrow
Is the soldier's destined way;
But we march, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

SCOTT is strong, and DAVIS fleeting,
And the chivalry, so brave,
Still, with muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the graves.

Now, on Freedom's field of battle,
Fighting for a Nation's life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be two heroes in the strife!

Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
If we cannot conquer, wait. H. W. L.

### A LITTLE BALLAD.

FOR THOSE YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR EUROPE.

AIR.—*Over the hills and far away.*

Young ARTHUR was a banker's son,
He had no pluck though he was young.
The only words that he could say,
Were "over to France and far away."

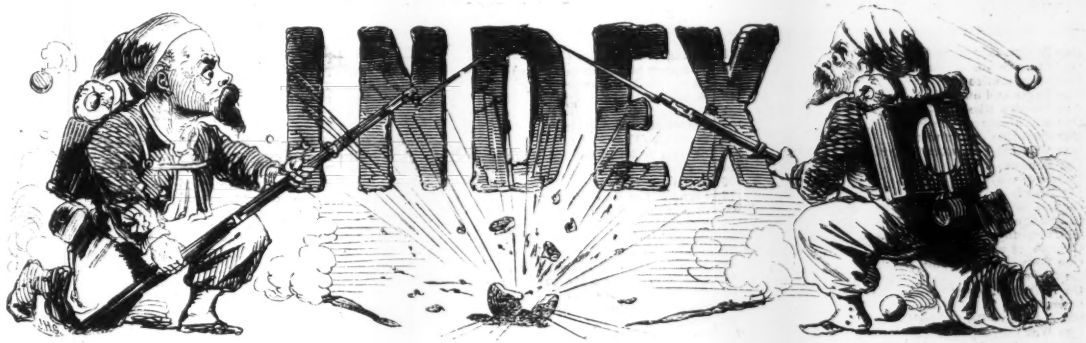
The young men in his Broadway club
Were marching to the rub a dub,
But double quick is not so gay,
As flaning in Paris far away.

The country called upon its youth,
They sprang to arms with loyal truth,
Though better far than bullets gray,
Were balls in Paris far away.

Though ARTHUR saw the shining files
Deploying through the city's aisles,
No manly ardor fired his clay,
'Twas "over to France and far away."

Young Arthur loved a maiden fair,
He asked the girl his lot to share,
But proudly back she answered "nay!"
To "over to France and far away."

So snubbed by women, cut by men,
We'll not see ARTHUR soon again.
We really think he'd better stay,
"Over in France and far away."





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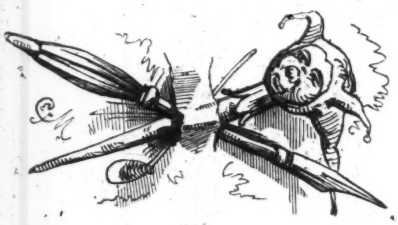

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